LACHRIMÆ LACHRIMARVM.

or

The Distillation

of Teares

Shed

For the vntymely Death

of

The incomparable Prince

HENRIE.

LACHRIMÆ LACHRIMARVM.

A funerall *Elegie* vpon the All-lamented *Death of the* All-admired (*late*) PRINCE.

How-euer, short of Others Art and Witt,
I knowe my powers for such a Part vnfitt;
And shall but light my Candle in the Sonne,
To deck a Work fitter so better Donne:
Could Teares *and* Feares *giue my Distractions leaue,*
Of sobbing words a Sable Webbe *to weaue;*
Could Sorrowes Fulnes *giue my vaine a vent,*
How would I how should my saddest Verse lament
(In deepest Sighes, instead of sweetest Songs)
This Losse (*alas!*) *which vnto All belongs*
To all the Godly now, and future Sort:
To all the WORLD (*except* S.P.Q.R.).

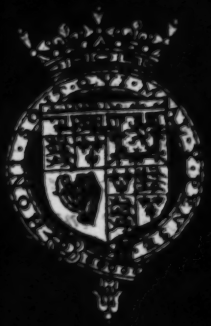
XUM

To All together, and to Each a-part
That lines, and loues Religion, Armes, or Art:
To all abroad, but to vs moſt of all
That neereſt ſtood to my High Cædars *fall:*
But more then moſt, to Mee, *that had no* Prop
But HENRY's Hand, *and but in* Him, *no* Hope.
O Deereſt HENRY; Heav'n and Earths Delight!
O cleereſt Beame *of* Vertues, *Riſing bright!*
O pureſt Spark of Pious *Princely* Zeale!
O ſureſt Ark of Iuſtice *ſacred weale!*
O graueſt Preſage of a Prudent *kinde!*
O braueſt Meſſage of a Valiant *Mynde*
O All-admird, Benign *and* Bountious!
O All-deſired (*right*) *PANARETVS!*
(*PANARETVS* (All-vertuous) *was thy Name*
Thy Nature ſuch: ſuch euer bee thy Fame).
O deereſt! cleereſt! pureſt! ſureſt Prop!
O graueſt! braueſt! Higheſt! nigheſt Hope!
O how vntymelie is this Sunne gonne downe!
This *Spark put out, This* Ark (*as*) *ouerthrowne!*

XUM

This Preſage croſt! This Meſſage loſt and left!
This Prop diſplac't! This Hope of All, bereft!
O! How, vnkinde! How, graceleſſe! How, ingrate!
Haue Wee *cutt-off Thy likely longer Date!*
For, were This Stroak *from Heav'ns immediat hand,*
Or (by Heav'ns leaue) from Hells ſuborned Band:
How e'r it were, Wee *were the* Mouing Cauſe
That ſweet Prince HENRY *breath no longer drawes.*
Wee All (alas) haue had our hands herein:
And Each of vs hath by ſome cord *of* Sinne
Hal'd downe from Heaven, from Iuſtice *awfull Seat*
This Heauie Iudgement (*which yet more doth* Threat)
Wee Clergie *firſt, who too-too-oft haue ſtood*
More for the Church-goods then the Churches good:
Wee Nobles *next, whoſe Title, euer ſtrong,*
Can hardly offer Right, or ſuffer Wrong:
Wee Magiſtrates, *who moſtly, weake of ſight,*
Are rather faine to feele then ſee the Right:
Wee Gentles *then, who rack and ſack, and ſell,*
To ſwimme like Sea-Crabs, *in a* foure-wheeld Shell:

Wee



Wee Courtiers *next, who* French-Italianate,
Fashion *our* Faith *after the forme of* State:
Wee Lawyers *then, who in the forme of* Law,
Dis-claiming Conscience, *like the Horse-leach drawe:*
Wee Cittizens, *who seeming* Pure *and Plaine,*
Beguile our Brother, make our God *our* Gayne:
Wee Countrie-men, *who slander Heav'n and Earth*
As Authors of Our Artificiall Dearth:
All, briefely All; all Ages, Sexes, Sorts,
In Countries, Cities, Benches, Churches, Courts,
(*All* Epicures, Witt-Wantons, Atheïsts,
Mach'-Aretines, Momes, Tap-To-Bacchonists,
Batts, Harpies, Sirens, Centaures, Bib-all-nights,
Sice-sinck ap Asses, Hags, Hermaphrodites)
And Wee, *poore* Nothings (*fixed in no Spheare,*
Right VVandring *Tapers*, Erring *euery-where*)
Scorne of the Vulgar, *Scandall of the* Gowne,
Haue pull'd this Waight of VVrath, *This* Vengeance *down:*
All, All are guiltie, *in a high Degree,*
Of This High-Treason *and* Conspiracie,

XUM

More brute then Brutus, *stabbing more then* CAESAR,
With Two-hand-SINNES of Profit *and of* Pleasure.
For, for the Peoples *Sinnes, for* Subiects *crymes,*
God takes-away good Princes *oftentymes:*
So good IOSIAH (HENRY's parallel)
Was (*yong*) *bereft from Sinfull* Izrael:
So our good EDWARD (HENRY's Pre-cedent)
For ENGLAND's Sinnes *was hence vntimely hent.*
So heer, good HENRY *is newe taken hence,*
For now Great-BRITANS, *great* Sinnes *confluence.*
Wee see th' Effect, wee haue the Cause confest:
O! Turne *wee then, with speed, to* Saue the rest:
O! *Turne vs,* Lord; *turne to vs, turne away*
Thy Frownes, *our* Feares, *with humblest Teares wee* pray.
O *saue our* Souverain; *saue his* Royall seed;
That still his Owne *may on his* Throne *succeed*
Let Each of vs make priuie Search *within;*
And hauing found, bring forth the Traitor SINNE
To Execution, *with all* Execration
Henceforth renouncing such In-Sin-newation.

XUM

Let Each of vs (as Each hath thrown a Dart,
A Dart *of Synne, at* HENRY's *princely hart*)
Send-vp in Sighes our Soules *deuoteſt breath,* (BETH,
To Shield *our* IAMES, ANNE, CHARLES, ELIZA
And HIM, *whoſe* Loue *ſhall render* HER *her* Brother,
And make Her ſoone a happie Princes *Mother.*
Let Each of vs ceaſe to lament (*in vain*)
Prince HENRY's Loſſe. *Death is to* HIM *a Gaine.*
For Sauoy's *Dukelings, or the* Florentine,
Hee Wedds his Sauiour (*of a Regal* Ligne)
Glorie, *for* Gold; *for* Hope, Poſſeſſion (thear)
Of Crownes *ſo Rich as neuer entred Eare,*
Eye neuer ſawe, nor euer Hart conceau'd;
So ſtrong Aſſur'd, *as cannot be bereau'd.*
Waile not his death: His Vertues *cannot* Dye
(*Immortall Iſſue of* ETERNITIE)
His Soule in Bliſſe beholds her Makers Eyes:
His goodlie Body ſhall more glorious Riſe.
Weepe *not for* HIM: *weepe for our ſelues* (*alas*)
(*Not for our* Priuate, *or* Peculiar *caſe:*

XUM

As, for our Sonn's, Brother's, *or* Maſter's *lack,*
Or Prince's *loſſe* (*our* Expectations *wrack*)
Our Places, Graces, Profits, Penſions *loſt,*
Our preſent Fortunes *caſt, our* future *croſt*)
Weepe for our Sinnes, *our* Wicked-*Prouocations,*
Our haynous, horrid, high ABHOMINATIONS,
Both ſeen *and* ſecret; *both in High and Lowe:*
Weep, weep for Theis; *and ſtript from Top to Toe,*
Of guiddie-Gaudes, *Top-gallant* Tires *and* Towers,
Of Face-pride, Caſe-pride, Shin-pride, Shoo-pride, ours
(Like NINIVITES, *ſo neer Their* threatned Fall)
In blackeſt Sack *and* Cinders *ſhrowded All,*
With bended Knees, but more with broken harts,
*And th'*inward *reſt of right* Repentant *Parts,*
Proſtrate *our Soules in* Faſting *and in* Praier,
Before the Foot-ſtool of th' Empyreal CHAIRE:
That So, What-euer bloodie Deluge *ſloat*
From th'old Red Dragons *wide-wide-yawning* Throat,
Wee, Humbled MOVRNERS, *may be Heau'nly* Markt,
In MERCIE's Veſſell *to be All imb*Arkt.

FINIS

XUM

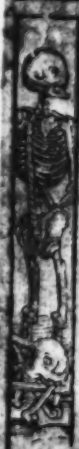
THE PRINCES EPITAPH, WRITTEN BY HIS HIGHN. *seruant*, WALTER QVIN.

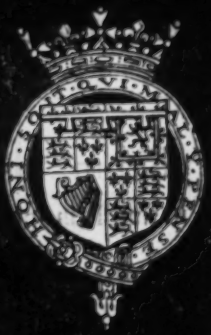
HEre here intomb'd a peereleſs Prince doth lie,
In flowre & ſtrength of age ſurpris'd by death,
On whō, while he on earth drew vitall breath,
The hope of many Kingdoms did relie;
Not without cauſe: for heauens moſt liberally
To him all Princely vertues did bequeath,
Which to the worthieſt Princes here beneath
Before had been allotted ſeuerally.
But when the world of all his vertues rare
The wiſhed fruit to gather did expect,
And that he ſhould ſuch *glorious worke* effect,
As with the worthieſt fame might him compare:
Vntimely death then from vs did him take;
Our loſſe, and griefe, heauens gaine, and ioy to make.

XUM

Idem in obitum eiusdem Serenissimi Principis.

Occidit ante diem iuuenum flos, gloria stirpis
Regalis, patriæ spes columenq; suæ.
Occidit ante diem patri populisq; Britannis
Flendus & his iunctis fœdere, amore, seris.
Occidit ante diem gesturus Principe digna,
Accelerasset ei ni fera Parca necem.
Occidit ante diem, virtutis & vbere fructu,
Et mundum exemplo funere destituens.
Occidit ante diem, si vota & commoda spectes
Publica, vel vitam si brevitate notes.
Sin vitam spectes partam illi morte perennem,
Haud iam par Superis, occidit ante diem.



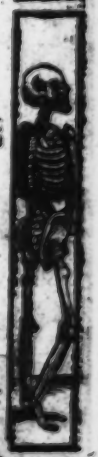


XUM

Stances du meſme Autheur ſur *le meſme ſujet.*

TAnt plus qu'vn bien eſt grand, & rare en excel-
Et que la iouiſſance en a plus de plaiſir; (lence,
Tant plus auſsi la perte en a de deſplaiſir,
Et ſe fait regretter auec impatience.
Ceci ſe monſtre aſſez en la fruition, (rable;
Qu'auons en d'vn grand Prince, en tous biens admi-
Et en ſa triſte mort, d'autant plus deplorable,
Que rare de tout point fut ſa perfection.
Tant l'eurent la Nature, & la vertu enſemble,
Et la fortune auſsi de leurs dons enrichj,
Que de quelle des trois il fut le plus cherj,
De pouuoir bien iugor malaisè il me ſemble.
De l'eſtoc plus ancien d'entre les Roys extrait,
Il fut ſi bien douè des dons de la Nature
En corps, & en eſprit, que iamais creature
N'a eſtè de ſon Art chef d'œuure plus parfait.

D'elle il eut la beautè, la grace, & bienſeance,
Force, addreſſe, eſprit vif, & inuincible cœur,
Grandeur & Maieſtè meſlee auec douceur,
Que reluire on voioit voire en ſa contenance.
La vertu ſe voyant par Nature appreſtè
Vn ſi riche ſujet, l'enrichit dauantage
En le rendant pieux, tempere, preux, & ſage,
Iuſte, clement, & plein de largeſſe & bonte.
Ceſte meſme vertu luy feit les Arts apprendre,
Par leſquelz vn grand Prince a bien regir en paix,
Et a bien ſouſtenir de la guerre le faix;
Quand il en eſt beſoing, capable ſè peut rendre.
La fortune enuers luy fauorable auſsi fut
Sur les plus chers mignons luy donnant l'auantage:
Car threſors, & grandeurs, & le riche heritage
De maint pais & Roiaume, & mainte ville il eut.
Il ſembloit que ces trois auec telle largeſſe
L'ayans de tous leurs dons a l'enui eſtrenè,
Par la faueur du Ciel il fut au monde nè,
Pour viure vn ſiecle entier en gloire, heur, & lieſſe;



Et

Et pour faire iouïr aux siens l'exemple & fruit
Des ses faits vertueux & en paix, & en guerre;
Et estendre son loz aux bornes de la terre,
Ou nostre hyuer esté, nostre jour se fait nuit.
O que le monde auoit bien besoin de sa vie?
Car il seruoit d'espee, & bouclier aux amis;
De terreur, & de fleau contre les ennemis;
De rempart asseuré, & d'ancre a sa Patrie;
D'appui, & de defence a son Pere Royal;
A sa Mere d'honneur; de miroir a son frere;
D'ornement a sa sœur; aux Princes d'exemplaire;
De merueille, & de ioye a tout peuple loial.
Mais, helas, ce grand Prince en la fleur de son age,
Et de nostre esperance (O triste coup du Ciel)
Nous a esté rauï: dont en fiel nostre miél
Se change, & nostre ioye en dueil, regret, & rage.
O Ciel a quelle fin nous prestás tu ce bien,
Ce joyau non-pareil, ce miroir de Noblesse,
Pour nous l'oster si tost? he que ce coup nous blesse,
Nous foudroie, & fracasse, & reduit presqu' en rien?

XUM

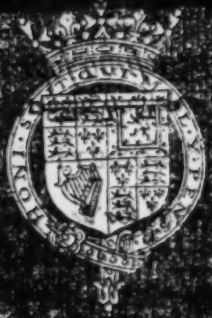
A quelle fin ie voj : c'eſt pour prendre vengeance
De noz meſchancetez, & horrible meffaits,
Que ſi cruellement tu deſcoches tes traits
Sur nous pauures chetifs, & miſerable engeance.
Trop bon pour nous il fut : reprendre il t'aura pleu
Ton cher gage, duquel auons ioui naguieres,
Affin d'en embellir tes plus belles lumieres,
Et de le reunir a ſon celeſte feu.
Mais enuers toy, cher Prince, ô quel deuoir nous reſte?
Auec toy nous faut il nous eſiouir du ſort,
Qui t'eſt eſcheu au Ciel, des bienheureux le port?
Ou regretter ta mort aux tiens par trop funeſte?
L'un, & l'autre ſeroit t'applaudir il conuient
En ce que tu jouas ſi bien ton roole au monde,
Et la viens a reuiure ou tout bonheur abonde,
Et ou tout dueil en joye a conuertir ie vient.
Mais tant plus que nous fut ta vie douce & chere,
Et qu'en fleur d'ans la mort nous te vint arracher,
Les reſnes d'autant plus nous conuient il lacher
Au dueil, en regrettant noſtre perte, & miſere.

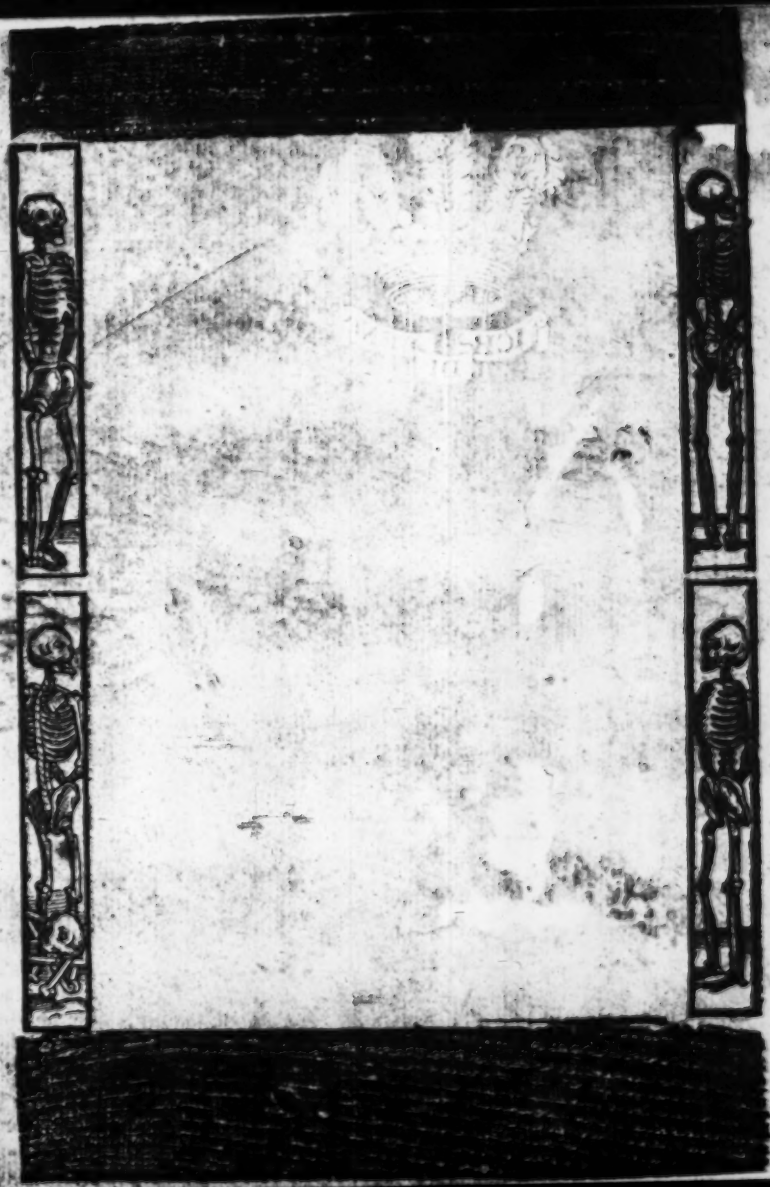
Del medesimo sopra il medesimo Suggetto

SONETTO.

IL fior de Prencipi nel fior de gl'anni,
Et delle nostre speranze, ora è colto
Dalla spietata morte (ahi lasso) e tolto
A noi dolenti e miseri Britanni.
A nessun popol mai diè tanti affanni
Morendo alcun gran Prencipe, per molto
Ch'ei fosse amato, quanti il nostro sciolto
Dal corpo ci lascia e dolori, e danni.
Dal Ciel parena ch'ei ci fosse dato,
Perche del Padre successor nel Regno
Fosse, e felice, e chiaro e'n pace, e'n guerra.
Ma ci vien tolto (ohime) dal Ciel irato
A danni nostri, perche di se degno
Stimollo, e' indegna esser di lui la terra.

FINIS.





XUM

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